

AN
E L E G Y
TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM, late EARL of BATH.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. NICOLL, at the Paper-Mill, in St. Paul's-Church-Yard.

M. DCC. LXV.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

January 11th

AND
E D E G

TO THE
M E M O R I A L
OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM, MARSHAL OF GREAT

BRITAIN

THIS
P I E C E
IS
I N S C R I B E D
TO SUCH
MEMBERS of the MINORITY,
AS ARE ACTUATED BY A
R E A L S O L I C I T U D E
FOR THE
W E L F A R E OF THE PUBLIC.

BY,

Their most obedient

Humble Servant,

The Author.

THIS

PIE

IS

IN SCRIED

TO SUCH

MEMBERS OF THE MINORITY

AS ARE ACTUALLY

REAL SOLICITUD

FOR THE

WELFARE OF THE PUBLIC

BY

THEIR MOST OBLIGING

Friend

The Author

E L E G Y,
TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM, late EARL of BATH.

I.

SAY, when the wise, the dignify'd, and high
Submit to fate's inexorable doom,
Shall no kind anguish swell the friendly eye,
Nor drop one pious off'ring on the tomb?

II.

Ere this some vot'ry of poetic fame
'Twas thought, O BATH! had kindled into fire,
And wreath'd a deathless chaplet for thy name
Around the muse's consecrated lyre.

B

Yet

III.

Yet this dead silence which the muse displays
From friendship's self may possibly arise ;
Since all, though bound to wonder and to praise,
Are bound alike to pity and despise.

IV.

O that DEATH's dread and everlasting pause,
In black oblivion might enwrap thy name,
So that the loss of honour and applause
Could wash away thy baseness and thy shame !

V.

But truth, alas ! will rush beyond the grave,
And drag the mightiest to the face of morn,
Dwell on each act that indicates the slave,
And hang it up to never-ending scorn.

'Tis

VI.

'Tis then, no bawd of overbearing times,
 Howe'er entrench'd in ermine, or in pow'r,
 Can strain her honest dictates into crimes,
 Nor legal ruffian haul her to the tow'r;

VII.

'Tis then, no dastard verdict she can hear,
 On some tame jury villainously stole,
 Nor dread a sentence fasten'd on their fear,
 Repugnant wholly to their sense and soul.

VIII.

Had the white angel of the strictly just,
 At one nice period, PULTNEY, interpos'd,
 And kindly snatch'd thee headlong into dust,
 How bright a race of glory hadst thou clos'd!

Then

IX.

Then, at thy mention, the big drop would start,
 And teach each nobler sentiment to burn;
 All BRITAIN then had screw'd thee to her heart,
 And pour'd immortal sorrows on thy urn.

X.

The nameless magic on thy voice which hung
 Had then swell'd up our most exalted rhymes,
 And the rich thunders of thy wondrous tongue
 Roll'd on impetuous to the latest times.

XI.

Turn back, o memory! if thou canst, nor gaze
 Where poor ambition's paltry-minded breath
 Could blast the harvest of so bright a praise,
 And chill each rip'ning dignity to death.

Throw

[5]

XII.

Throw some Olympus, fancy, on the thought,
Nor let the bursting sentiment disclose,
That patriot PULTNEY ever could be bought
To screen the deadliest of his country's foes.

XIII.

That he, the godlike guardian of the state,
Who still pursu'd where'er the villain fled,
Could basely stoop and snatch him from his fate
When hung with honest horrors o'er his head.

XIV.

And stoop—for what?—Perdition catch the sound,
And blast it instant, with the worst despair!
A word which truth, in ev'ry age, has found
Compos'd as much of infamy as air.

XV.

Search the long list of nobles on record,
 Since empire first or dignity began,
 And mark how few were honour'd with MY LORD,
 Who grac'd the humbler epithet of MAN.

XVI.

In nature's earlier and exalted state
 On sure foundations all distinction stood ;
 Whoe'er had worth, of consequence, was great,
 And he was self-ennobl'd, that was — GOOD.

XVII.

No star then glitter'd on the breast of shame,
 No sordid knave was purpled o'er with strings ;
 'Twas worth that mark'd a subject with a name,
 And not the wild capriciousness of kings.

But,

XVIII.

But, when some spoiler, rushing into light,
 The bolts of pow'r tyrannically hurl'd,
 And claim'd from heav'n hereditary right
 To scourge the groaning nations of the world !

XIX.

When future kings, in one oppressive line,
 On ev'ry human institute had trod ;
 Nay, talk'd of rights prescriptively divine,
 To burst the dreadest mandates of their God :

XX.

Then the mad licence of unbounded rule,
 A *brand* of title to it's minions gave,
 Stamp'd the *disgrace* of honour on the fool,
 The public robber, and the perjur'd slave.

The

XXI.

The blushless villain bore it, from the hour
 He vilely sold his country and his trust :
 The hackney'd strumpet had it for her dower,
 And reek'd a Duchess from the bed of lust.

XXII.

Yet, for this breath of dignify'd disgrace,
 Did PULTNEY meanly pandar to a throne ;
 Nay, though it stunk upon a WALPOLE's race,
 Before it rankly fester'd on his own.

XXIII.

Here see, ye meteors of a wondring state !
 Nor throw the moral sentiment aside,
 How low, ambition can reduce the great,
 And how the wisest are debas'd by pride !

O did

[9]

XXIV.

O did a puff of title-giving wind
Point out to man a more exalted goal,
Enlarge the smallest faculty of mind,
Or raise the simplest excellence of soul :

XXV.

Did the loud herald's widely-swelling strain,
The pompous coat, or coronetted crest,
Talk down the mad'ning anguish of a pain,
Or hush a rising sorrow in the breast :

XXVI.

Could this ennobling quality of kings
Eternal rounds of happiness bestow ;
Pluck out from guilt it's never-dying stings,
And purge the midnight murderer to snow :

D

Then

XXVII.

Then, e'en the basest, possibly, might rise,
 The boast and wonder of applauding times;
 And heav'n, which saw the greatness of the prize,
 Look down, perhaps, in mercy on his crimes.

XXVIII.

But when we see, in pond'ring on the great,
 The bloating glories of a monarch's breath
 Can sooth no adverse circumstance of fate,
 Nor kindly steal a manacle on death,

XXIX.

When the long scene of tinsel has been clos'd,
 Which through unnumber'd ancestries has ran;
 And left the mightiest of the high expos'd
 To all the various miseries of man :

When

[11]

XXX.

When we behold him languidly oppress'd,
On death's pale couch, all ghastly and declin'd;
Or dragg'd before the godhead of his breast,
And damn'd to all the hells within his mind:

XXXI.

'Tis then th'intrinsic emptiness of fame,
In all it's pomp of nothingness, shall rise;
Teach wisdom's cheek to redden at a name,
And virtue's brow to furrow and despise.

XXXII.

Titles! — what are ye, on your noblest strings,
Howe'er the weak, or worthless, may revere?
Alas! the proudest epithet of kings
Ne'er struck, like BARNARD, on a British ear!

Where

XXXIII.

Where inbred honour happily is given,
 In vain the stream of dignity is shed ;
 And sure 'tis treason at the bar of heaven
 To pour a glory on a rascal's head.

XXXIV.

See, low in earth, where PULTNEY's title lies,
 That glittering gewgaw of a prince's nod :
 While BARNARD holds a patent from the skies,
 And soars a deathless nobleman with God !

XXXV.

Here thrones, enwrap'd in silence and amaze,
 Shall shrink to look so wonderfully high ;
 And fame herself be furnish'd with a gaze
 To crack the straining fibres of her eye.

XXXVI.

Hear, ye mad factions of the present race,
 Who wildly rage with discord's dang'rous brand,
 And call a shameless enmity for place
 A gen'rous struggle for your native land!

XXXVII.

But chiefly hear, ye celebrated few,
 Who *nobly* sicken at a country's groan,
 And, acting *always* from the whitest view,
 Have fought from honest principle alone!

XXXVIII.

Is there, who, glowing with a godlike pride,
 For BARNARD's crown would emulously start,
 And spurn the farce of dignity aside
 To raise an empire on a nation's heart?

E

Let

XXXIX.

Let star-ey'd justice ever be his rule,
 Which all of *self* indignantly disowns ;
 And scorns as much to be a party's tool
 As crouch the servile sycophant of thrones.

XL.

'Tis not a blind ungovernable rage
 At every act which ministers avow,
 That justly marks the saviour of an age,
 Or binds a laurel round the patriot brow.

XLI.

The keenest scourge that ever smote these climes,
 At some nice crisis for their welfare stood :
 And oft the mere necessity of times
 Has scar'd the ruthless tyrant into good —

Though

XLII.

Though hapless AFRIC at her fires exclaims
 While mid-day suns their blazing circuit hold ;
 Yet the same orb that lights her into flames
 Matures the latent mineral to gold.

XLIII.

The parching natives of the baleful shore
 At eve's glad summons dart themselves away,
 And grasp, transported, at the dazzling ore,
 Though ripen'd solely by the burning day :

XLIV.

Just so the patriot, of an honest zeal,
 Swift as the light'ning vehemently wings,
 And grasps each measure for the public weal,
 Without once thinking from what source it springs.

XLV.

But why of patriots idly do I rave? —
 My inmost soul the modern herd disdains,
 Where every boaster has his turn of slave
 And vilely bawds to shackle us in chains.

XLVI.

Loud as the leaders of our patriot band
 The public shout of liberty may claim,
 Yet base proscription blackens every hand
 And stabs a kingdom, to preserve the GAME.

XLVII.

What boots the casual vehemence of soul,
 That swells the freeborn whirlwind to the skies,
 Rings against GEN'RAL WARRANTS at the pole,
 And chills the stars with curses at EXCISE:

If

XLVIII.

If, while the cause of liberty they plead
 Our very patriots infamously fall,
 And stoop themselves to consecrate a deed
 Which drags the widest ruin on us all?

XLIX.

What are the new-born suff'rings of the hour
 If justice takes the balance in her hand,
 To what the mean barbarity of pow'r
 In brutal GAME-ACTS scatters round the land?

L.

Strip'd of his rights, the farmer seeks the shade,
 Where silence kindly waits upon despair;
 And mourns his sacred liberties betray'd,
 That pamper'd wealth may trifle with a hare.

F

To

LI.

To grief and rage alternately he yields,
 Nor sheds one grateful smile upon the morn ;
 A gen'ral ravage wastes his little fields,
 And speaks some purse-proud ruffian of the horn.

LII.

Perhaps, a bleeding monument he stands,
 To strike his neighb'ring villagers with awe ;
 And smarts, all scourg'd by LEGISLATIVE hands,
 Who greatly club to ROB him of the LAW —

LIII.

But at our MINORS let him not exclaim,
 Nor turn to heav'n his melancholy eyes :
 A patriot, sure, may murder for the GAME
 Who damns a GEN'RAL WARRANT and EXCISE!

Weep

LIV.

Weep not, ye RUSSIAN vassals ! at your state,
 Nor think your lot is singularly hard ;
 Though mark'd, through some severity of fate,
 A kind of pack-horse to your casual lord :

LV.

What, though beneath the everlasting breeze,
 With scarce a pittance of the meanest bread,
 Through life's long round you miserably freeze,
 — And none e'er find a shelter, but the dead :

LVI.

Yet fate, in all it's bitterness, was kind,
 And shew'd some marks of tenderness and care ;
 Bestow'd a blest'd unthinkingness of mind,
 And gave a happy promptitude to bear.

You

LVII.

You can sit naked in the beating rain,
 E'en while the north wind violently roars ;
 And seem regardless while the bellowing main
 In horror dashes round your dreary shores :

LVIII.

You, at a nod, can prostitute a wife,
 Nor doubt the killing mandate to be just ;
 Can calmly kneel, and sacrifice a life,
 To lick the foot that tramples you in dust. —

LIX.

But BRITONS, form'd of very diff'rent mould,
 At ev'ry touch intuitively smart ;
 And, greatly just, as generously bold,
 The smallest dagger pierces to the heart.

How

LX.

How then must BRITONS murmur at their fate,
 If candid sense decides upon the cause ;
 When ev'n the mere AMUSEMENTS of the great
 Can stab the VITAL ESSENCE of our LAWS ?

LXI.

When ev'n the hand of LEGISLATIVE rule,
 Which once stood guardian at distress's door,
 Extends the pow'r of ev'ry WEALTHY fool,
 And nobly makes it GUILTY to be POOR ?

LXII.

O for some curse, executive as dread !
 Hot, hissing instant, from the starry throne,
 To strike the villain's execrable head,
 That first destroy'd our TITLE to our OWN !

G

Will

LXIII.

Will no kind thunder pity the distress'd,
 And, big with judgment, mercifully roll,
 To crush his *more* than PROSTITUTED breast;
 To blast — his actual SODOMY of soul!

LXIV.

Ye patriot names! — But, why should I persist —
 'Tis vain with pride or av'rice to contend —
 Besides, few BARNARDS beam upon the list,
 And, all too like, may PULTNEY in the end.

LXV.

O PULTNEY! — But comparison is pain,
 Where BARNARD's name we mention as divine,
 And fancy only aggravates the stain
 Which BATH has thrown eternally on thine.

The

LXVI.

The praise of worlds, in echo to the spheres,
 The patriot's brightest and his best reward;
 And all that once could ravish on our ears
 Is now absorb'd in infamy and Lord.

LXVII.

Yet let us teach the ages still unborn
 With some indulgence kindly to decide,
 And think that fate has cast thee out to scorn
 To lash each swelling arrogance of pride :

LXVIII.

Let us suppose thee graciously design'd
 To give one moral lesson to the ball;
 And teach the proudest of the human kind
 How soon the wisest and the mightiest fall.

Then

LXIX.

Then on the wing of widely spreading fame
 Some tender mark of pity may be thrown;
 And those who blush the deepest at thy name,
 Turn back, dismay'd, and tremble for their own.

LXVII.

Yet let us teach the ages still unborn
 With some indulgence kindly to decide,
 And think that fate has cast the lot of scorn
 To lash each swelling arrogance of pride:

LXVIII.

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 To give one moral lesson to the ball;
 And teach the proudest of the human kind
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